

THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

VOLUME X. No. 4

THE BEACON PRESS, BOSTON, MASS.

OCTOBER 26, 1919



The GOVERNOR and the HUM-BIRD

By Mabel S. Merrill

Chapter Two.



CHERRY studied Spiff's costume thoughtfully. "It isn't just what they wear to the State House's receptions," she admitted, "especially the hat. That makes me think—you wait a minute!"

She flew into the bedroom and out again, bringing with her a large bandbox and a little tall hat like that worn with the popular Uncle Sam costume.

"We dressed our little cousin Jack as Uncle Sam for the Fourth of July parade, and here's the suit he wore," she explained.

It was the usual red, white, and blue suit and it had been made for a small boy; the tiny tall hat was a perfect fit for Spiff's curly head. Dressed in those clothes he looked like an elf in the guise of Uncle Sam. Cherry clapped her hands at the sight of him, and the boys declared they would be proud of his company. They felt quite festive as they marched up the street with Uncle Sam in the lead, the girls following in their pretty summer dresses, and the boys in their neat blue suits and well-"shined" shoes bringing up the rear.

It was only a few minutes' walk up to State Street, and when they had turned the corner by a large building with the blue emblem of the Y. W. C. A. in the window they found themselves at the foot of the first flight of granite steps that led up to the State House. The handsome white stone building was covered with flags and bunting. The State's emblem and the Stars and Stripes floated from opposite battlements, and the wide arch of the entrance was draped with great banners. Through the open doors came the hum of many voices and the blaring of bands.

"Oh," gasped Elva, who had never seen anything like this in the noisy city of shops and mills where she lived. "It's so beautiful, I—I'm scared to go in."

"You needn't be," retorted Cherry. "It's your house and mine, and everybody's that lives in the State. I've been here lots of times. Come on."

She marched them up the granite steps and in at the wide doors. Around the entrance hall groups of ladies and gentlemen stood talking while the bands played and the crowds surged along the corridors. Tall policemen were on guard, but they had nothing to do and seemed to be enjoying themselves as well as the rest.

People began to notice the elfin Uncle Sam marching along with his tall hat the least bit on one side, but Spiff would not stop to talk.

"I'm going to see the Governor," he explained. "Which way is he?"

"He's upstairs, Uncle Sam," a lady informed him. "Just follow along one side of this red, white, and blue rope that goes all down the corridor and up the stairs and you'll find him."

They followed the rope as fast as they could for the press of people in front and behind. At the top of a long flight of stairs they came in sight of the Governor's tall figure standing at the head of his receiving line just inside an open door. Just then Elva clutched at Dex and cried out in a frightened whisper:

"Where's Spiff? I knew we should lose him!"

"He wriggled away from me like an eel," muttered Dex, "but you can't lose him in that rig. Don't you worry."

At the door inside which the Governor stood, a tall officer in khaki bent down to ask them their names, and all four youngsters jumped as his big voice boomed over the heads of the crowd:

"Paul and Cherry Silver," he announced. "Elva and Dexter Kenway," and he passed them along to the head of the receiving line.

Elva looked up at the tall Governor and gave a little shriek, for on his shoulder sat Spiff in his red, white, and blue. He was steadying himself with one arm round the Governor's neck and with the other hand he was lifting his tall hat to the crowd. Everybody was laughing, and a lady in a shining gown with diamonds in her hair said: "Did you ever see anything so cunning! Where did he come from?" In an outer room where groups of lookers-on stood, somebody started a cheer for "Uncle Sam." Elva's eyes were wide with dismay as she looked up.

"O Spiff Kenway!" she said under her breath.

"Does he belong to you, little girl?" asked the Governor in a low voice as he grasped her hand kindly. "Then lend him to me for ten minutes, will you? If you wait out there at the end of the line I'll pass him along to you all right."

Then he shook hands with the other three, holding the child carefully with his left arm. In a few minutes the four friends had gone safely down the whole

line, shaking hands with everybody and escaping quite breathless into that outer room where they could stand still and look about them. Over the heads of the crowd they could see Uncle Sam's tall hat tilting up and down as he lifted it when people spoke to him.

By and by a young soldier made his way through the throng to where they stood. He brought Spiff and set him down beside Elva, who laid hold of him as if she feared he might vanish again.

"He's made the biggest hit of the day," said the soldier, laughing. "Anything I can do to help you young folks have a good time?"

"The Governor said to go down and see a stuffed moose and a hum-bird's nest and a wildcat's kitten and eleven blue fishes swimming round all alive," spoke up Uncle Sam.

"The museum. Of course you want to see that," agreed the soldier. "I'll show you the way."

The museum occupied the whole basement floor of the State House. Even Cherry and Paul, who had seen it many times, looked upon it as a kind of wonderland, and they were eager to show it to their friends. The soldier led them between the glass cases of stuffed birds and animals to a quiet corner where a quiet man sat at a desk.

"Mr. Curator," said the soldier, "here's some particular friends of the Governor. I guess they'd have a better time if you showed them about a little."

The curator looked at Uncle Sam and pushed away the book he was writing in. "All right," he said, "anything you'd like to see specially young man?"

"The stuffed moose was first," said Spiff.

"Well now, that's handy, because he's right behind you." Mr. Curator pointed to the case behind them where the great animal stood as if alive with his lowered head and spreading antlers.

Spiff stared at him and edged away a little. "I guess I'll go look at the wildcat's kitten," he said. "That comes next."

The wildcat's kitten was in another corner not far away. Spiff thought it was too big for its age, and Cherry said she didn't care for a kitten unless it could look pleasant; this one, though stuffed and set up in a glass case, looked so angry you could almost hear it snarl. They were better pleased with the foxes and squirrels and a little raccoon looking out of a spruce tree. All the animals were grouped against a painted background of forest and had real rocks and trees around them so that you could fancy they were in their native haunts. Seabirds were gathered on a sandy beach with a piece of a real cliff near by to hold their nests. Eggs were lying in the hollows of the rock, and

in one place a row of downy young chicks stood in a crevice of a ledge, looking as if they were about to try their wings.

Spiff's sharp eyes soon discovered the eleven blue fishes, and he made a dart at them. The big glass tanks of the aquarium stood in a row facing some large windows. Those tanks were higher even than Paul's head, and Uncle Sam standing in front of one of them looked more than ever like an elf.

"These fish are togue," announced Dex, reading the name at the top of the tank. "They do look kind of blue. I never saw any like them."

"I don't remember to have met one myself," admitted Paul, solemnly, "but they say everything in this museum grows wild in some part of the State."

The curator laughed and pointed out the next tank where some land-locked salmon were swimming about. One large one, nearly as white as snow, hung almost motionless in the water at the top of the tank, and they looked up at him as they might have looked at a bird in the air. "I guess it's a fish angel," Spiff was heard to say to himself.

At the end of a row of tanks they came to one marked "Brook Trout," but there was only a single fish swimming about in a listless way.

"We had bad luck with our brook trout," explained Mr. Curator. "Lost all but this one. I wish I could get a couple of good lively ones to put in this tank."

At this Dex stood still and stared at the lonesome fish. There flashed across his mind the thought of a certain brook running through Grandfather Kenway's pasture. Dex had done considerable trout-fishing in his scout expeditions up country, and as soon as he set eyes on that brook he had felt sure there were trout in it. Paul, who had been looking from the lonesome fish to the thoughtful face of Dex, jogged his friend's elbow.

"If you know of a place to get trout, I'd like mighty well to go with you. I'm some fisherman myself and I don't mind long hikes."

Dex nodded, but there was no time to say more, for the rest of the party were calling for them to come and look at a humming bird's nest which Mr. Curator was showing to them. The inside of it was not much bigger than a small-sized walnut shell, but it was big enough to hold two little eggs like smooth white beans.

"Ho!" said Spiff. "I've seen one like that."

"Spiff Kenway, what a story!" remonstrated Elva. "Where did you ever see a humming bird's nest? You couldn't have, you know."

"Did, too," asserted Spiff. "The other day I crawled through the fence into the pasture and kept awful still to watch a turkle walk a log, and somethin' went zip!—jus' like that—over my head, and t'was a hum-bird goin' onto her nest up a tree. So now."

Elva shook her head severely, but there was no time to tell Spiff that he had dreamed the hum-bird's nest if not the turtle. It was time to go, and they had to hurry back to the Silver house where Grandpa was waiting for them with a piece of good news.

(To be continued.)

October.

WE went to hunt for chestnuts
One fine October day,
And in the windy country
We wandered far away.

We built a fire of brushwood
Beneath the sheltering hill;
Among the rustling corn-shocks
The wind was never still.

We played that we were gypsies,
Who never sleep in beds,
But lie beside their camp fires
With stars above their heads.

But when the air grew frosty
Beneath the chestnut-tree,
We filled our bags and baskets
And hastened home to tea.

St. Nicholas.

Fly Away, Witch!

BY YETTA KAY STODDARD.

ZORA COLMON was on her way to the Hallowe'en Revels. She looked like a pygmy witch, for she was dressed in a long black gown and wore a high peaked hat tied under her chin. She was going to take part in the pageant at the close of the Revels and had asked her mother to let her go early. As she played in the Plaza nearly every day of her life, she knew the way very well.

The street leading from her house into the park was brightly lighted; there were many going in the same direction, but not seeing any one she knew, Zora walked alone. After entering the park, she stopped to look down one of the side paths. There, standing back from a light, she was sure she saw a witch—a very tall witch, whose hat touched branches that were as high as the lamp-globe.

Curiosity led her forward. She wanted to see whether there was a wrinkly face and blinking eyes under that great hat, but just as she had nearly come up to it the witch disappeared.

"Oh, it must certainly be a real one," she laughed, running to the place where she had seen it standing. Yes, there were queer long pointed footprints on the sand beside the lamp-post. She compared her own ridiculous little square-toed pumps, saying, "Of course—a real witch would not have patent leather shoes bought in a common every-day store."

"There it is again!" she gasped, seeing the same figure walking along another path, the long gown blowing out behind, the hat-peak bobbing. Zora caught up and followed close. Whenever other people approached, the witch would jump into the bushes, and Zora did the same.

"Why doesn't she just make herself invisible, if she doesn't want to be seen?" the little girl wondered. "Oh, yes. I might have known. It's because she's got on the wrong hat."

At that very moment the witch became invisible! Zora looked all around, but found herself quite alone, in a dark corner of the park that she had never before visited. She had not the slightest notion about how to find the Plaza, but she ran back, taking first one path and then another.

"Why, I'm lost!" she exclaimed, all at once realizing the fact. "I'm lost here

in the dark, and I am missing the Hallowe'en fun, pageant and all!"

She was only a little girl, but not of the kind that haven't begun to learn to think. She sat down, right where she was, and thought—*hard*. When she got up she was saying: "Zora, you go along this little path until you come to a big one. Then go along that big one till you find a bigger one, or a road. Then there will be people, who will show you the way to the Plaza."

But the little path she followed led her to a smaller one! She turned around, to start in the other direction, when—there—right before her, was the witch again!

"Oh, oh, are you a real witch? I want to go to the Hallowe'en Revels and will you help me find the way?" she asked, trying to see into the face above her.

"Aye, aye, Mistress Zora! Take hold of a fold of my garment and I will presently lead thee thither."

"It knows my name and it talks like the witches in the books! Yes, sree, it's a really one!" Zora thought, silently taking up the hem of the witch's gown. They went through tiny winding paths not toward the Plaza but out into an open field beyond the park. Zora knew that it was the wrong way though she dared not call to the striding figure ahead. Besides, she was out of breath from running, trying to keep up.

They came to the center of a field where a young man was standing by an airship.

"You're late, Al," said he, coming up to the witch, who chided him, saying:

"Hush thee! Address not thy beldame thus, bold minion! Knowest thou not that thou standest in the presence of Mistress Zora, who rides with me this night?"

The young man stepped back, pulled off his cap, and bowed.

"Prithee, Mistress Zora, pardon!" he said. "I meant thee no offense."

"It's all right, whatever you did," laughed the little girl, wishing that she knew the witch-language.

"Assist Mistress Zora to her seat, catiff!" commanded the witch. "Look that her hat be safely secured and that she be warm."

"I'm just roasting!" protested Zora, as the young man lifted her to a seat and strapped her into it.

"I thought witches rode on broomsticks," she whispered in his ear.

"Aye," he whispered in hers. "In years agone 'twas even so. The ship of the air goeth less swiftly, but good old broomsticks are rare to find."

"Rogue!" called the witch. "Hast thou given my guest the gifts for the people?"

"Aye, grandam, I come even as thou speakest," answered the other, placing a big pasteboard box on Zora's knees.

"What's this for?" she asked, feeling popcorn, peanuts, and little paper-wrapped candies.

"That, my child," explained the witch, "provideth thy appointed task. When we shall have come above the great assemblage, thou art to toss the goodies to the folk below. When all are gone, place thy hand upon my arm, that I may know 'tis time to return."

"All right," nodded Zora, glad that she could understand the big words.

"We depart. Farewell, slave! Await me here," cried the witch, after tightening chin-strings and jumping into the seat beside the little girl.

The ship skipped along the ground; then it began to rise; then up, up, they went, above the field, the shrubs, the trees, the bandstand. They had reached the Plaza in less than a minute!

Zora tossed a handful of "gifts" over the side of the ship. A shout went up from the people, but there was such a roaring of machinery that she did not hear it. Quickly the box was emptied. She touched the witch's arm and before she could have counted fifty they were coming down into the field where the young man waited.

"Success, Al?" she heard the witch's servant ask, while he was unstrapping her. The witch scolded him angrily:

"Silence! Have I not chidden thee before for thine unwarranted insolence, fellow?"

But however cross the voice had been a second before, the witch spoke very kindly to the child, asking,

"Didst thou enjoy thy ride, little one?"

"I should say I did, Mrs. Witch—but I was awfully dizzy at first."

"And what wouldst thou now, my dear?"

"I wouldst get back to the Plaza, if you please," begged Zora. "Because, Mrs. Witch, I'm supposed to be in the pageant and really I'm lost, even if I am having such a good time—and what will my mother say?"

"I, too, am bound thither. I, too, have given my word to take part in these mortal merrymakings. I will lead thee, as I told thee in the first place. No, thus will I take thee!"

On the witch's shoulder Zora rode out through a tiny path into a quite small one, a larger, a little road, a wide road, the Plaza itself. The pageant was forming. The director called:

"Hi, Al! Just as you are—don't put her down!"

The witch carried his burden to the very head of the procession. While waiting for the long line to form, the hobgoblins and sprites, the pumpkin-headed boys and apple-headed girls, and all the dressed-up common folk, the happy little child heard some one saying,

"There is Zora, Mrs. Colmon!"

Her mother's voice asked,

"Where? I don't see her."

"There, at the head, sitting on Lieutenant Colmon's shoulder."

Zora wriggled in the witch's arms until she could look under the high hat. She saw neither the wrinkles nor the blinking eyes of a really, truly witch, but the face of her own Uncle Allen, and he was laughing at the joke he had played on her.

Say not, "God help you!" when your Brother needs,
But let God help him through your kindly Deeds.

All the beauty of the diamond is owing to its reflecting, or giving away, the light it receives from the sun.

NEWTON.



The Beggar.

BY HENRIETTA KEITH.

AH, pretty beggar on my knee!
I've seen your like before;
You hold your paws out winningly
And plead for more and more.
Your bright eyes never leave my face.
Your bushy tail is full of grace,
But when my nuts are gone—I see
You nothing care at all for me.

Ah, pretty beggar on my knee!
I know your hidden store,
That hollow in the old oak tree
Holds many a nut you've stolen from me,
And now you beg for more.
Ah, well! I can't stay here all day,
With squirrel's paws to fool and play—
So take your nut—and run away.

A Funny Prisoner.

BY FAYE N. MERRIMAN.

NANCY clutched her father's arm. "Oh, what are those funny looking bald men all dressed up in striped clothes?" she asked.

Mr. Harding glanced toward the men working on the road and his face saddened. "They are men that have done wrong and must work for the State for a while to pay for being bad," he explained. "Just like mother sometimes makes you do little tasks when you have been naughty."

"But mother doesn't make me wear funny clothes."

"The State puts stripes on them so they cannot run away," father explained again; "but in a good many places they do not do that any longer, but put the men on their honor. You know that mother puts you on your honor not to go out of the yard sometimes."

Nancy nodded and felt that she knew everything about the prisoners by that time. She was sorry that all the prisoners were not put on their honor, for that was much pleasanter than being watched, she knew. But soon she forgot

all about the men she had seen, for there were so many interesting things at the new ranch her father had bought that it seemed as if she could never see them all.

She got her little basket and ran down into the meadow where the violets were in bloom. How nice it was to pick violets right out from among the millions in the meadow—so much nicer than buying them for ten cents a bunch from the florist on the corner in the city. She was so busy filling her basket with the fragrant blooms that at first she did not hear a footstep approaching.

When she glanced up finally she dropped her basket in surprise and confusion. There before her, regarding her with an expression both friendly and curious, was a little striped creature not as big as a Shetland pony.

"An animal prisoner!" Nancy exclaimed. "Why, I never heard of such a thing! But you have stripes just like the men have! What have you been doing naughty?"

The little creature moved nearer and Nancy patted its head. Then she saw a break in the fence before her. "You must have escaped through there," she said. "I wonder if I ought to take you back."

At last she decided it would be the best thing to do and moved toward the fence. The funny little fellow in stripes followed her readily. Half-way across the next field Nancy saw a man approaching and ran to meet him.

"Is this your prisoner?" she asked.

"Prisoner!" How the man stared!

"I guess it is a little Shetland colt that was bad," Nancy explained. "Of course I recognized the costume right away. But don't you think honor prisoners are better? When mother puts me on my honor not to do a thing I never, never do it."

The man rubbed his head and then he commenced to laugh. "I understand now," he said. "You thought the colt was striped like the prisoners that work on the highway, didn't you? Well, I don't wonder you thought so, but Nature put those stripes on—I didn't. This is a baby zebra, and this is what we call a 'circus farm,' where we raise and train animals for the circus. I just missed the baby zebra and came out to see what had become of him. I am much obliged to you for bringing him back."

"You're welcome," Nancy answered, "and I'm glad he isn't a prisoner."

"He has a whole field of his own to roam in [the man smiled], but your field looked better to him. Perhaps you would like to come over and see him in the morning—and all of the other animals too."

"Oh, I'd love to!" Nancy answered.

Fun.

Happy little Bell, sitting alone on the floor, was heard soliloquizing in a sing-song tone, thus:

"And Heavenly Father will take care of us . . . if we are good . . . but then . . . we're not always good . . . and so . . . we have to take care of ourselves pretty much."

New Century Journal.



THE BEACON CLUB

OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.

OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.

OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.



Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of the Beacon Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

54 SUMMER STREET,
TAUNTON, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck,—My sister and I would like to belong to the Beacon Club. My sister's name is Barbara. My father is the minister of the Unitarian church in Taunton. My sister is six and I am eight years old. I have gone to church and Sunday school ever since I was three years old. I have an attendance chart at home, on which Barbara and I put red stars for church and Sunday school.

Yours truly,
HOPE AND BARBARA STURTEVANT.

McMINNVILLE, ORE.

Dear Miss Buck,—I go to the Presbyterian church in McMinnville, because there is no Unitarian church here. My Sunday-school teacher's name is Mrs. Sherwood.

Mamma sends for *The Beacon* and has done so since before I went to school.

I have not seen any letters in *The Beacon* from Oregon at all.

Every time I get *The Beacon* I always enjoy reading it and working the puzzles.

My Three Dogs.

BY SADIE GERARD RUTHRAUFF.

THREE tails a-wagging, all in a row,
A gray tail, a brown tail, a tail as white as snow.

Sweet Lassie wags the white tail when she has much to say,

And Cupid wags his warm salute with tail of honest gray.

Old Puppy's is the brown tail that wags so fast and free,

And better dogs in all the world you'll never chance to see!

Church School News.

[Shall we use the name church schools instead of Sunday schools, and so be reminded by the name that our church is providing religious teaching for its children?—THE EDITOR.]

AT the First Unitarian Church, Berkeley, Cal., the church school opened after vacation on August 31 with a Reunion Service to which parents and others were invited. The Beacon Course is used in all the five departments. The minister, Rev. Harold E. B. Speight, is the superintendent, with Miss Julia Budlong as assistant.

Our school in Somerville, Mass., issues an attractive printed programme for the work of the next four months. Recreation is provided as well as instruction and worship. In September a Corn Roast at Stony Brook was one Saturday's frolic. October offers a Halloween Party; November, a Benefit Entertainment with a play, and December a Christmas Party.

On Rally Sunday, October 5, a pageant, "The Holy Grail," was given. There will be a Thanksgiving pageant, one talk with stereopticon, and at Christmas the miracle play "The Nativity" will be given.

The calendar of the Unitarian church at Lynn, Mass., has a good report of the opening of the church school on Septem-

I would like to belong to the Beacon Club and wear its button. So would my little sister. I am eleven and she is seven.

Sincerely yours,
VIRGINIA AND GEORGETTA HEFTY.

1001 W. SUMMIT AVENUE,
SAN ANTONIO, TEX.

Dear Miss Buck,—I go to the Unitarian Sunday school with my teacher, Miss Fuchs. Mother is guiding my hand to write you this letter, as I am only five years old and don't know how yet. I want to join the Beacon Club and wear my button. Mamma will read *The Beacon* for me every Sunday.

RENÉ DE BEAUROYRE.

LONGWOOD AVENUE,
NORTH ANDOVER, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck,—I received my pin and am very pleased with it. I have worn it every day since I received it. It was a surprise to father, for I didn't tell him I had written to you.

He asked me what the pin was I was wearing and I told him it was my Beacon Club pin. He said, "I am glad you have joined the club."

Yours truly,
VERA BURDICK.

ber 14. There were twenty new pupils enrolled and one new class formed, bringing the total number of classes up to twelve. The Beacon Course is used in this school, which has for some years been carefully organized and graded under the direction of the superintendent, Miss Marguerite Emilio.

The Art of Being Kind.

BY THE EDITOR.

YOU all know, do you not? the poem "Abou Ben Adhem," by Leigh Hunt, and the story it tells. The blessing that came to Ben Adhem was given because he loved his fellow-men and was kind to them.

There is another story which tells of a similar vision and the message it gave. A poet, says the story, wished much to know if any verse that he had written would live to be read by future generations. One night he seemed to see a shining angel standing at his bedside. To the bright messenger he put his question: "Tell me, will any of my words survive?" "Art is a hard master," answered the angel; "few poets can write verses that will live."

"Ah, I have failed!" cried the poet. "Say not so," answered the angel of the vision. "Some of your words will be remembered. They are recorded here in this book of life." "And may I see what words they are?" asked the poet, humbly. "Look!" said the angel.

The poet looked and saw written in letters of flame three words of pity and kindness he had said to a lame dog in the street.

"But that—it is nothing!" he cried.

"It is everything!" said the Shining One. "Only a few may become the poets of the world, but every one may master the art of being kind."

RECREATION CORNER

ENIGMA VII.

I am composed of 16 letters.
My 4, 11, 6, is what all children like.
My 9, 10, 5, 8, 13, is a boy's name.
My 14, 7, 12, 2, divides anything.
My 1, 15, 16, is what you keep coal in.
My 3, 11, 16, is a girl's nickname.
My whole was a statesman and scientist.

ISAIAH CHASE.

ENIGMA VIII.

I am composed of 15 letters.
My 2, 14, 4, 8, is the place where you live.
My 2, 5, 1, is something you wear on your head.
My 6, 14, 3, 1, collects in chimneys.
My 9, 5, 13, 1, means rapid motion.
My 10, 11, 12, 15, is a plant.
My 7, 3, 2, 15, is a boy's name.
My whole was a president of the United States.

JULIA P. WARREN.

CHARADE.

When boisterous winds assail the ear,
Those parents who confide
My second to my first may fear
Lest woes should them betide.
To form my whole, the circling year
We four times must divide.

TWISTED FRUITS.

- | | |
|------------|-------------|
| 1. Pleap. | 6. Rpaftoc. |
| 2. Mupl. | 7. Epcah. |
| 3. Rycher. | 8. Epra. |
| 4. Enoml. | 9. Rgape. |
| 5. Nageor. | 10. Naanab. |

LUCILE GINNER.

JUMBLED NAMES.

Make eleven names of girls by combining two or more of the short words in the following list. Use each word only once.

He tie a bell at my ear is pen a line be a lot rice O take a net bar tie do tie a rot tie bar hat elope.

WORD SQUARE.

1. An animal.
2. A title.
3. A relative.
4. A flower.

ETHEL S. WILLIAMS.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 2.

ENIGMA III.—General Tasker H. Bliss.
ENIGMA IV.—California.

TWISTED EUROPEAN RIVERS.—1. Seine. 2. Marne. 3. Danube. 4. Thames. 5. Rhine. 6. Volga.

ADDITION PUZZLE.—The letter "d." Daddy dodged Dan's dog Dandy.

HYDRA-HEADED ANIMALS.—1. Hare, bare, care. 2. Boar, hoar, roar. 3. Hart, cart, part. 4. Goat, moat, boat.

THE BEACON

REV. FLORENCE BUCK, Editor

Issued weekly from the first Sunday of October to the first Sunday of June, inclusive



PUBLISHED BY
The BEACON PRESS, Inc.
25 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

May also be secured from
104 E. 20th St., New York
105 S. Dearborn St., Chicago
570 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco

Subscription Price: Single subscriptions, 60 cents. In packages to schools, 50 cents.

Entered at the Boston Post-office as second-class mail matter.

Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized on September 13, 1918.

GEO. H. ELLIS CO., PRINTERS, BOSTON